

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, December 1875, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel G. Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Christmas Day. (Dec. 1875?) My dear Alec:

I hope you have had a very Merry Christmas with your father and mother. They must have enjoyed having you back with them. For my part, though I do not grudge you to them, I have missed you dreadfully and have felt that Christmas is not half Christmas without you. I knew I should miss you but did not know how much. However I am glad you are at home, and hope you are enjoying yourself with all your might. I have been following you on your journey in my thoughts, and have held great disputations with Mamma over our cooking about the time you probably left your Uncle's house and arrived at your father's. Talking of your Uncle reminds me that I forgot to ask you to thank your Aunt for her note, you needn't tell her that I forgot her, but be sure you deliver the latter part of my message. It's very important though you, being a man may not know it.

I have had some very pretty presents — a toilet set, pincushion and three mats to match, from Grace, and her work, Berta has been making me something, also a contribution to our housekeeping, but has not finished it. Auntie Kittie and Dr. Marsh, Sister and Auntie altogether gave me a lovely little delicate cut glass set of molasses pot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl and six little butter plates. Carrie Hubbard gave me a wall pocket — of course you don't know what it is, but take it for granted it is something very pretty, but not very useful, Mamma gave me a gold pen which I am now using and to which you must attribute the blame of my bad writing. Do you know about Mamma's gold pen. It is such a lovely one that we all use it, and poor Mamma says she feels quite grateful to us 2 whenever we let her have it. She said it was the strongest proof that you were one of us, that you took it up once and used it. She has now attempted to get it to herself again by giving me, the

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largest borrower, one of my own, but I fear I shall like it no better than all my other gold pens.

Papa brought me yesterday plans for two apartments, on the same floor in the Alexandra Hotel, which are lovely. They are unfortunately occupied but Mamma thinks there are others like them. If I can only have rooms like those I shall not want a house. Do you know I have heard of two wedding presents, both from Cousin Mary, a blanket knitted by herself, and a silver kettle. At this rate I may perhaps be ready by the time you want me, if that is sometime after nine or ten months or more. (O my pen!)

I have been very busy all day helping Mamma get the dinner ready, making the orthodox plum pudding which however didn't turn out in the approved fashion though very good. I have taken another sheet of paper but have no idea if I can fill it. But I want to warn you that if you don't want your letters to Papa shown, you must mark them "confidential", because your last epistle to him has gone the round of his friends, and is now in the possession of Mr. Horsford — if he hasn't lent it to some one else! Papa showed it first to Mr. Pollock who liked it very much and said he had always liked you from the first time he saw you. Usually he suspects people at first as he has had so much to do with bad people. But he knew at once that he could trust your honesty, purity and truth.

Your autobiography of my book is again in circulation among our family. Cousin Mary has it now, then I mean to copy it again and send it on to Grandma who wants to see it very much. You do not mind my showing it to you, if it contained private matter I would not think of doing so.

Mamma did not want me to go down to Mrs. Barnard's alone, and she was too busy and tired to go with me, so we could not send the poor people anything, I am so sorry, but hope Mrs. Barnard is in no pressing need. The weather is warm and damp.

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Do not write in cipher to me again, the children have found out the key and took the trouble to read your card when my back was turned-mice play when the cat avising goes.

If your mother only wants to come here because she thinks I want her, do not urge her to, I think I had much rather see her first when I come to her as your wife. I am very impatient and anxious to become acquainted with her, but still had rather wait until after our marriage. I shall be so very very glad when I see you again, only be sure and stay with your mother as long as you can, I don't know when I can spare you again. Please give your father and mother my love, and with a heart full for yourself my own Alec.

Your, Mabel.